

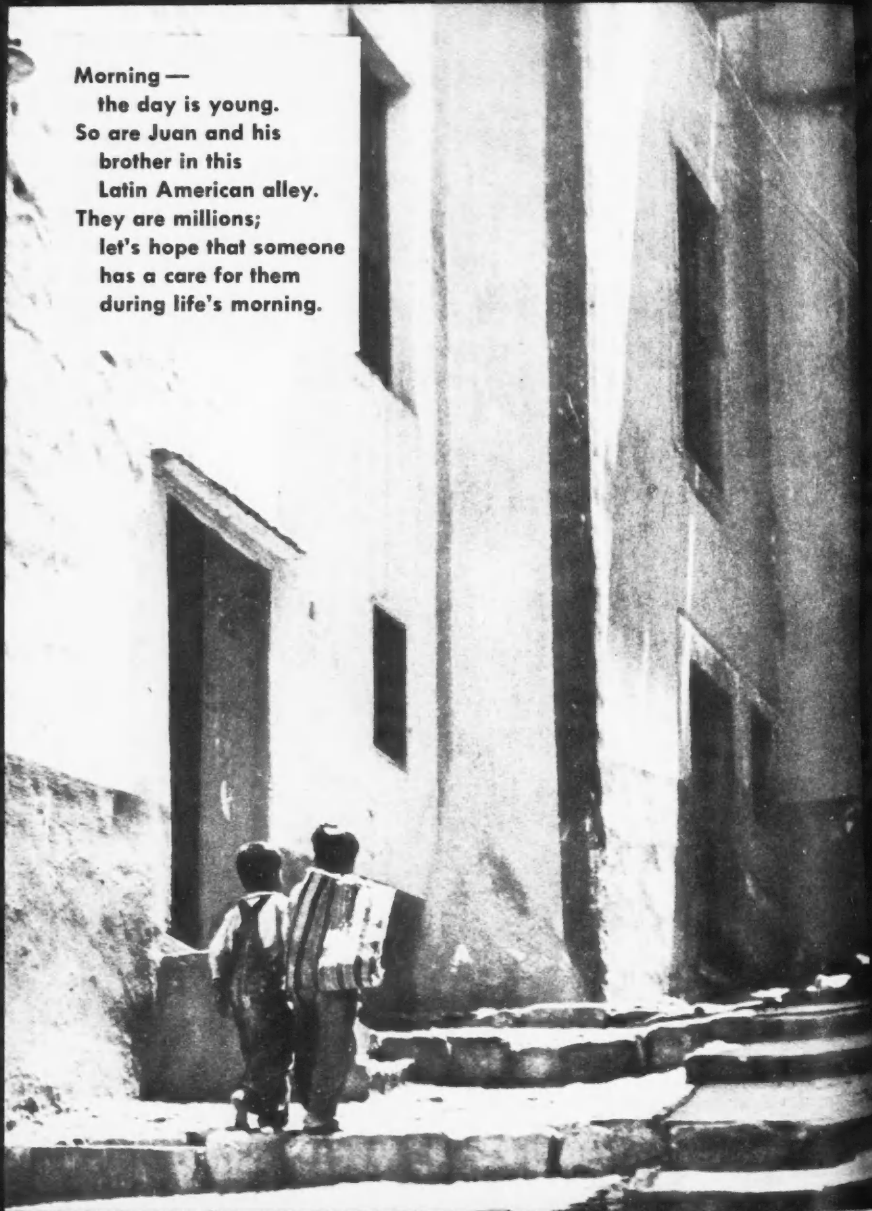
Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



OCTOBER 1949

**Morning —
the day is young.
So are Juan and his
brother in this
Latin American alley.
They are millions;
let's hope that someone
has a care for them
during life's morning.**







We're Out to LICK the Jungle

by James J. Logue

FOR \$25,000 A NEW WAY OF LIFE IN THE PANDO

CRASH! The last tree toppled to the ground, raising a cloud of white dust. For ten days Lorenzo, my helper, and I had been cutting timber on what would be our farm. During the ten days, we had cleared about three acres of land here in the Bolivian jungle. I believe my chafed and cut hands could not have held out for an hour more, after we finished.

"Padre," said Lorenzo, as we went to the side of the clearing to escape the sun, "you know that you are not doing this well."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you and the other Padres are here to help us be better Catholics. Before you and I began to clear this land, we were away on a month's trip up the river. We used up a lot of

gasoline and slept and ate badly. You baptized many people, and married some, but you did not have much time to teach them. You don't see the same people for more than a day or so, each year. How can they be good Catholics when the priest sees them so seldom?"

"That's the problem of the jungle, Lorenzo. Every missionary meets it."

"Yes. And our people must work in the jungle. We work hard cutting rubber, but the only ones who profit by it are the men who own the rubber trees. If you Padres could show us how to do other work, we could settle in



The Author

towns, and you could teach us more."

Lorenzo's words tumbled about in my mind as I went back to the mission. That night I took a pad of paper and began to figure out the problems of the Pando Mission, listing each one. This was the list I made:

1. *Scattered population.* Families exist in isolation because they depend on rubber and Brazil-nut trees for a livelihood. Growing wild, 300 trees are required to support one family, and these trees may be spread over an area of 50 square miles.

2. *Poverty.* The average annual income for a working family is about \$200. Thus families cannot afford to buy furniture, clothing, and other necessities. Families get into debt by borrowing, and it may take a lifetime to repay the loan.

3. *Lack of industry.* This is primarily due to high fuel costs. Gasoline needed to run a conventional engine costs about \$1 a gallon in the Pando region, because it must be flown in from southern Bolivia or transported 2,500 miles up the Amazon River.

4. *Lack of education.* The nomadic family life hinders the development of a school system.

5. *Lack of family life.* When the home consists of a roof with or without walls — when the only articles of furniture are a bed and a chest for clothes — when meals are cooked

over an open fire outdoors — there is no incentive for children or adults to stay at home. Morality is nil when a whole family must share a single bed, where privacy is lacking.

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

6. *Health and sanitation.* The scattered state of the population makes supervision impossible. Many persons die from lack of care be-

cause they are too distant from a doctor.

Having listed the major difficulties faced in this jungle mission, I proceeded to consider solutions. I realized that I lacked knowledge, so the first requisite was more education for myself. This part of the solution I have already put into operation.

Every seven years each Maryknoller is given a year's furlough in the United States. My furlough was due, and my superiors gave me permission to attend Southwestern Louisiana Institute, to study agriculture and engineering. In agriculture, I studied land analysis, crop selection and rotation, and animal husbandry. The faculty of the Institute went out of their way to help me in my problems.

Professor Ralph Bowers, of the Industrial Arts Department, assigned my class the project of building a sawdust-burning engine. The finished engine can be built in Bolivia quite inexpensively. Sawdust or wood — both of which are plentiful in the

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Here is the typical jungle home—ramshackle, disease-breeding, unattractive

jungle — is burned in a large drum, giving off a gas that passes through a network of pipes, and providing enough power to run a motor.

On my return, the rest of the plan to overcome the jungle began to develop. In the main it consisted of buying land, establishing families on the land, forming an agricultural cooperative, experimenting with various crops and small industries, establishing a rural school specializing in agriculture and the crafts, and keeping the parish unit as the center of the people's life. The actual working out of the full plan would be as follows.

Ten men would be selected for the start. They would be brought to a good section of land with river

frontage, purchased by the mission. The men would be married, and preferably should be able to read and write. In August these men would begin clearing a section of the land, and would continue until the first rains of October. Then the stubble would be burned, and the cleared land plowed. After that, sugar cane, corn, yucca, rice, beans, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables would be planted.

After the planting, one group of men would begin construction of a sawmill; the other group would make roof tiles. During the November rainy season, the sawmill would cut wood for the houses to be built. This work, coupled with weeding the garden, would last until March.

Then work would begin on the houses, each on a section of the cleared land. A church and rectory would be begun in the center of the new village. In April the workers would send for their families.

If this plan prospers, by the end of seven or eight years there will be three hundred families in the colony. From the first, the missionary will have to do much of the supervisory work, but he should gradually withdraw, leaving actual direction in the hands of the people.

Children will go to school until they are sixteen years of age. After graduation, the boys will be drafted by the Government for military service; when they return, they will be given grants of land and helped to start on their own. Other colonies will be started, with the ideal of having six or seven independent communities united by the Church and the workers' co-operative. Each unit will have an elementary school and an infirmary; the center unit will have a high school and a hospital.

The co-operative will buy the produce of the individual farms, at a set price, and will act as agent in selling the produce. A commission for such service will be deducted and will be used to help pay for school, hospital, and church expenses; the remainder will go to the producer.

To finance this project, about \$25,000 will be needed. The money will be returned over a period of ten years, at a nominal rate of interest. By that time the colony should have its sawmill, carpenter shop, sugar mill, cotton mill, and also coffee, chocolate, and vanilla works, in production.



OFTENTIMES when the bright red, tropical sun is taking its nightly dip in the warm waters of Lake Victoria, I like to stroll in our little mission cemetery and there pray my daily Rosary. Standing along the way are big crosses and fancy crosses, but it's that little cross just to the left as one enters the gate, that beckons to me every time.

Bobby was a lively boy. Dressed in khaki shorts and clean white shirt, he was a familiar figure in our mission compound. He was in standard six of our mission school when I first came to Ukerewe, here in Tanganyika, a year or so ago.

I can recall quite well the first time I saw Bobby. I was in my office, busily studying the Ukerewe language. There was a knock at the door. Then Bobby came in — a handsome, lithe youth. He had come to greet the new priest, partly out of curiosity and partly because he felt that it was the proper thing to do.

That was the first time. I saw

BOBBY and the RHINO

by Thomas F. Gibbons



Bobby. After that visit he came back every day. I greatly appreciated the help he gave me in learning the language. Sometimes when other boys were around, there would be a subdued chuckle when I made a mistake. Bobby would become very fustered at this seeming lack of politeness on the part of his friends. He was quite indignant when anyone criticized my command of the Ukerewe language.

Bobby was always the hero. He was the star of our soccer team. We were always sure of at least two goals from Bobby when our team went into action. Yes, Bobby was always the hero, and he died like one.

One night a rhino came to our village, devastating the region. Unknown to me, the next morning the young men and boys set out for the shores of Lake Victoria in pursuit of the enraged beast. Ordinarily, owing to its keen sense of smell and hearing, the rhinoceros is difficult to attack. But unfortunately, this particular beast did not escape.

When the hunters broke out of the scrub at the shore of Lake Victoria, there stood the rhino, facing his pursuers. His horn, thick legs pawed the ground; his small, bloodshot eyes darted from side to side. Suddenly the hunch, lead-colored beast began his charge with great fury and power.

The hunters seemed paralyzed. No one moved as the monster bore down. Then, quick as a flash, Bobby sprang from the crowd and cast his spear at the oncoming beast. The spear sank deep in to the thick, soft hide—but the charging monster trampled down Bobby. Then came other spears. The rhino staggered, and breathed his last. The boys picked Bobby from the mud of the shore and carried him to the mission hospital. But it was too late.

The next morning, after Mass, we buried Bobby in the mission cemetery. I know that there will be bigger and fancier crosses in our cemetery. But it's that little cross just to the left of the gate, that will beckon me every time.



The author (left) gets an assist from the Irish Columban pastor of Cheju

Up Front in Korea

The Missioner Discovered a Civil War

by George M. Carroll

I HAVE JUST returned from ravaged Cheju Island, some fifty miles off the southwest tip of the Korean peninsula. There Communist raids on the population of about 300,000 have killed 15,000 people and made 90,000 homeless. I was the one who revealed the seriousness of the situation on Cheju, when I took a letter received from Father Austin Sweeney, an Irish Columban missionary who is pastor there, and showed it to Korea's President Rhee and to America's Ambassador Muccio.

The letter was the means for starting the wheels rolling to help the poor people of Cheju. In my capacity as relief director, I gathered all the relief goods that were on hand, and borrowed a boat from the Korean Navy. I had about 5,000 yards of cloth, 15,000 needles, thread, 2,000 pairs of shoes, 250,000 vitamin tablets, 75,000 atabrine tablets, and 10,000 pounds of multi-purpose food. Later with Army help I obtained 5,000 mattresses, 2,000 comforters, and 4,000 boxes of rations. I spent

my first six days on the island going around and seeing where the need was greatest. The Reds were entrenched in caves that honeycomb the center of

the island. From there they made forays, burning and pillaging. All the hill villages were wiped out. The thousands of refugees who fled in terror are living in the worst conditions I have seen in my two and a half years of relief work.

At a village called Nam Won, I visited hovels where the refugees live. Previously, in other villages, I had gathered the people and had told them that I was to distribute supplies sent by the Catholics in America through War Relief Services. But at Nam Won, after I gathered the people for the talk, my words failed to come. Tears came instead, and I cried like a baby. I couldn't help it after the misery and desolation I had seen. The situation was overwhelming.

After this orientation trip, I returned to Cheju City and began preparations for distributing the supplies. I had the Catholic women of the mission cut the cloth into three-yard strips, which length would make a skirt for a woman, a pair of pants for a man, or various garments for children. I had some good cloth that was a little too fancy for the country people, and I was able to exchange it for a cheaper, native cloth, getting four yards of the cheaper cloth for every yard of the good cloth. I did similarly with can-

Wills

You may wish to have convenient the following form of bequest:

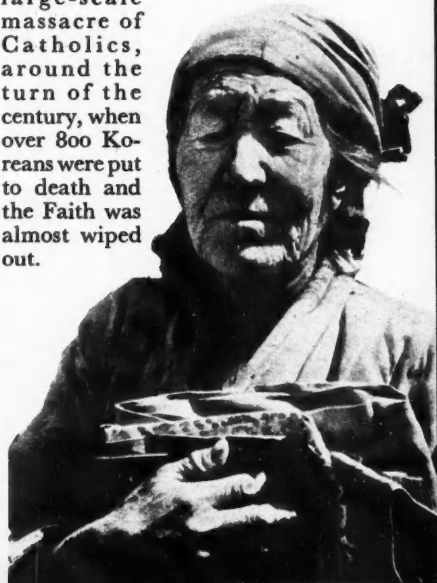
"I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. (The Maryknoll Fathers), the sum of \$ _____."

vas-topped tennis shoes and got two pairs of rubber shoes for every pair of the canvas ones.

Going around the island and giving the supplies out myself, won for the

Church a great deal of face. I am sure that it will result in leading many Koreans to inquire about this religion which does good to the needy, and such inquiries will eventually produce some conversions. The Church has a marvelous opportunity in Cheju. Father Sweeney is on his way to Australia, for his first vacation in seventeen years, but two other Irish Columban Fathers are on the island and are continuing their mission work.

Cheju Island was the scene of a large-scale massacre of Catholics, around the turn of the century, when over 800 Koreans were put to death and the Faith was almost wiped out.



WELCOME BISHOP Mc



McDONNELL!

**BIG
DAY
IN THE
LAND
OF
MORNING
BRIGHTNESS**

Through the bedecked gateway of the Seoul, Korea, cathedral compound, pass these women to watch the festivities which accompanied the consecration of Korea's first Apostolic Delegate, Maryknoll's Bishop Patrick J. Byrne, of Washington, D. C.

**A PHOTO STORY
BY JOSEPH A. HAHN**





From the United States, came Bishop Thomas J. McDonnell (with flowers), with Msgr. John J. Scally, and Father Robert I. Gannon, S.J. The party was met at the airport by the Bishop-elect (left). Bishop McDonnell, National Propagation of the Faith Director, was the consecrator at the ceremony. He made a lasting impression on Korean leaders and people.

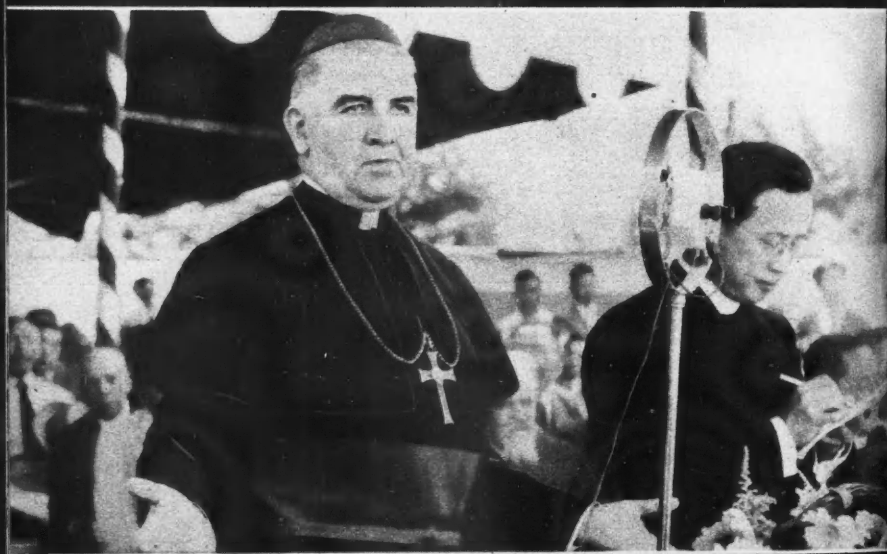




Assisting at the consecration were Bishops Loribeau (right) of Taijyen, and Ro of Seoul. Bishop Byrne holds the crozier, once the possession of New York's Cardinal McCloskey, now a gift from Bishop Gibbons of Albany.

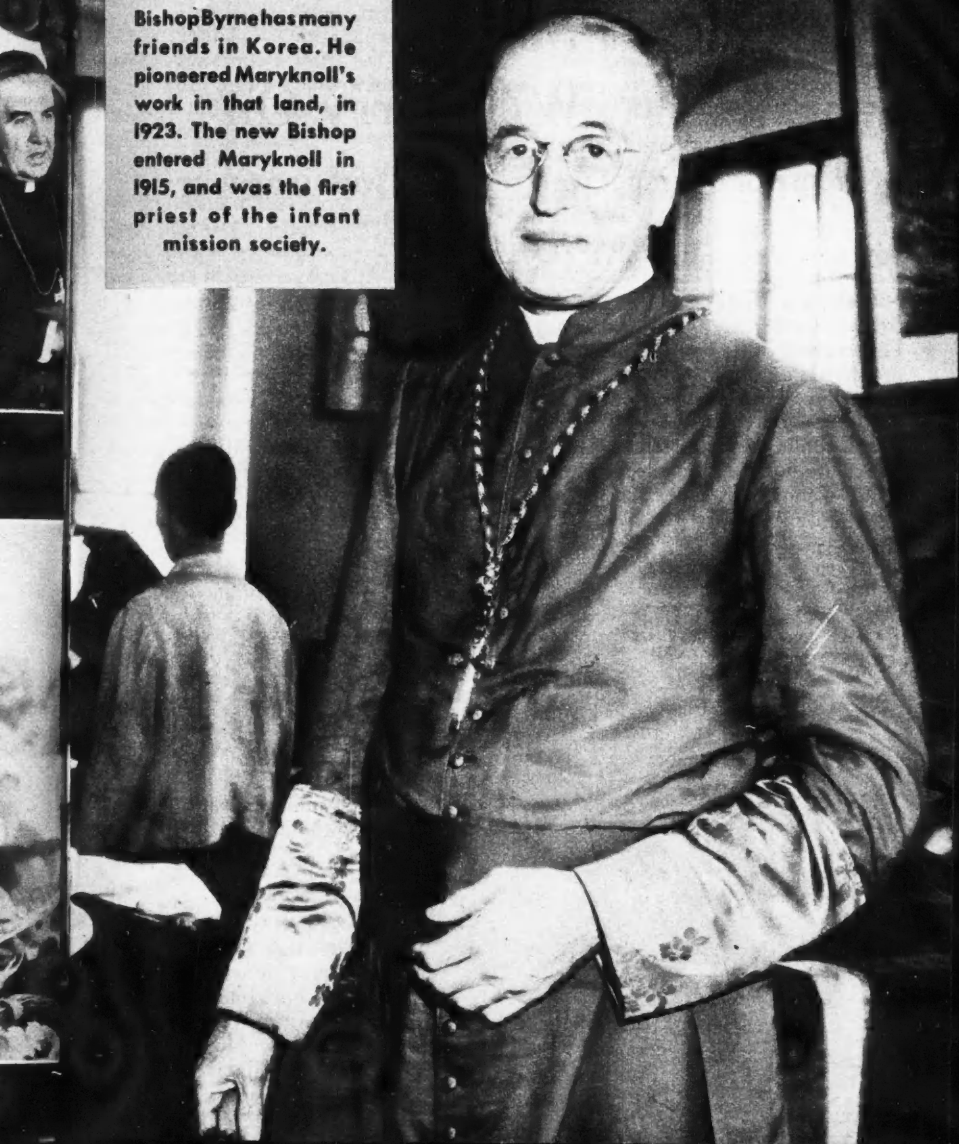


America's Ambassador John Muccio led a list of distinguished officials. He chats with Bishop Byrne at the outdoor civic reception after Mass.



Bishop McDonnell carried to President Rhee a special message written by Cardinal Spellman. He spoke eloquently of the Church's concern for Korea.

Bishop Byrne has many friends in Korea. He pioneered Maryknoll's work in that land, in 1923. The new Bishop entered Maryknoll in 1915, and was the first priest of the infant mission society.



Chinese Priests Will Carry On

Plenty of courage, well seasoned with ingenuity

by James F. Smith

"WHAT will happen to the Catholic Church in China if the Maryknoll Fathers and other foreign missionaries are driven out by the Communists?"

This strange question was put to me not long ago by a wonderful American Catholic who has been very loyal in his support of the missions, and who, apparently, feared that the

Catholic Church in China would collapse if foreign missionaries could no longer work there under a communistic Government.

Happily, I had the answer to the question. I had seen the answer with my own eyes, and it was with a feeling of pride and assurance that I replied: "If we have to go, the

Chinese priests will carry on just as effectively as if we were there. There may be a lessening of convert work due to the reduction in mission personnel; but the spiritual needs of the Chinese Catholics will be well taken care of by our native priests, who now number over three thousand."

When, after the Pearl Harbor attack, the Japanese imprisoned Bishop Paschang, of Kongmoon, and those of us who lived in occupied territory, our native priests took over the running of our missions. Theirs was



no easy job. They were known to the Japanese as associates of the jailed American priests, and at that time this made them men marked for trouble. They had no churches or rectories in which to say Mass and to live, because the invaders had confiscated all our property; they had no money. But those young Chinese priests determined to stay with their people.

Father Joseph Lai took over the care of the cathedral parish. He lived in the house of a different Catholic family every night. Each day he said Mass secretly, with a limited number of Catholic neighbors in attendance, and then he departed for another section, so as to avoid bringing down the wrath of the Japanese on those who harbored him. In this way he was able to remain undetected all through the war years.

Father John So had to be even more careful. He took the Sunwui mission for Father North, who was enjoying the careless "hospitality" of the Japanese with the rest of us. Father So was not well known to the troops in Sunwui; but he is remarkable in that his height is over six feet, and among the southern Chinese that made him a marked man. He did his traveling at night.

Father Linus Wong became the "golden messenger," acting as liaison between the Chinese priests and the

rest of the missionaries who had not been captured. His main duty on such trips to Free China, was to make a report of home conditions to the "free" priests, and to take back with

The Maryknoll Seminary Chapel is still a dream. We have the plans and it will be built when we get the means. If you would like to contribute, we shall be most grateful for any gift from \$1. to \$10,000.

him as much money as the "free" priests could afford to share with their Chinese co-laborers. One of his

cleverest tricks was to change about all of the money into the little ounce-size gold nuggets and keep these in his mouth when approaching the Japanese sentries at the border of Occupied China. When they searched Father Wong, they found — and often took — the few bills he had placed in his pockets, but none of them ever asked him to open his mouth!

With priests like these throughout China, there would be no danger of a collapse of the Church if foreign missionaries were forced to leave the country. A happy note in an otherwise somber picture is the large number of Chinese priests now serving the spiritual needs of their own people. Of the more than one hundred dioceses and vicariates in China, eighteen are already entirely under the direction of native clergy. Should every non-Chinese priest be put out of the country, the work of the Church would go on. It is to the credit of mission societies that they have trained these co-workers.

GOD MADE the first man of clay, and baked him in a cool oven. Result: underdone — the white man. God tried again and pushed up the heat. Result: overdone — the black man. God tried a third time and was more careful. Result: just properly cooked — the Chinese. — *From the Chinese*

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Must we missionaries reverse our thinking and, consequently, our methods of mission work? It is not unlikely that the next decade will witness some radical changes in our missionary approach. If we are to affect the main stream of life in the countries where we work, then we shall have to extend our horizons.

Direct evangelization of people in villages, towns and cities will always be a part of mission work, and perhaps the majority of missionaries will always be engaged in this task. But in our concentration on this type of work, Catholic missionaries may have missed the "big chance" to influence the great unwon masses of the globe. We are already late. Can we remedy the situation?

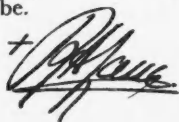
A recent missionary visitor to Maryknoll described to us the work being done by eleven members of his Society, the Belgian missionaries of Scheut, who are teaching in the universities of Peiping. He himself was teaching in four. Unfortunately it proved only a "swan song" of the Catholic effort in Peiping since the communists now are bringing all such activities to a halt. What a pity that this work was not begun some twenty years ago.

An American Jesuit has been engaged for some years in university work in one of the South American capitals. Everywhere I went I heard praise of this man and his accom-

plishments. It is surprising what influence for good he wielded in a milieu that normally would not welcome authoritative opinion from above the Rio Grande.

In this our day, we should be ready to accept certain opportunities that might seem at first blush to be outside the established scope of our activities. So many obligations face Maryknoll in the task of meeting its commitments, that the Society well might fail to provide facilities for the training of its members to the use of all their talents. It requires a high degree of leadership to exploit to the maximum and yet guide prudently in the ways of God those with uncommon zeal and initiative in winning souls. Yet, the Church cries out urgently for the spiritual daring that will spark movements of great consequence to souls in mission lands.

The late Cardinal Suhard remarked that priests must be interested more and more in the whole life of man — economic, religious, recreational — in all that is required to make his life "human." We must strive with all our might against the smugness of stereotyped training, with an awareness of today's problems and opportunities, with a readiness to meet the challenge however upsetting they may be.









**BISHOP LANE
VISITS DR. WU
AND FAMILY**

DURING his recent visit to Rome and the Holy Father, Bishop Lane called on one of China's most celebrated Catholic families—that of Dr. John Wu, then Chinese Ambassador to the Vatican. Recently Dr. Wu accepted a teaching post at the University of Hawaii, where the Wu family has now taken up residence.



HORSEBACK IN THE ANDES

by Gerald S. Carroll

IF YOU would like to "get away from it all" to some quiet place where peace reigns, come to Trabuncura. It is a remote settlement in the foothills of the Andes Mountains in Chile; it has no electricity, no telephone or telegraph, not even a mail delivery. The only time mail arrives is when the Padre comes to visit.

Every other Sunday afternoon, I saddle my horse, load up my saddlebags, and head for Trabuncura, for Monday-morning Mass and whatever else may follow later. After a few hours riding up hills and down through swamps, old Felix, my horse gets his second wind and peps up a bit because he realizes we are nearing the end of the trail.

The first thing I do on arriving at Trabuncura is to ring the chapel bell loudly and long, so that folks from far and near may know that the Padre has arrived. Then I settle down to a welcome meal — during which I tell the folks the news of the outside world, for I am, as it were, their bi-weekly newspaper.

Last Monday a young man in Trabuncura asked me to bless a shroud

for the dead. I inquired who had died. He told me that no one had died yet, but that a woman was very sick in another village, and he asked me to visit the sick woman. The ride was a long one. During it I coaxed from my guide the information that the sick woman was his mother!

It was a pleasure to find more than a dozen people gathered at the house, waiting for me. Where they had come from is a mystery, because there is only one other house in sight. I gave the poor woman the consolations of the Church, and then set out for the house of a sick man who, I was told, lived in the neighborhood. I had hoped to go to still another section of the mountains that same day, but it was too late after the second sick call.

Bright and early the next morning, I set out for El Paolo. I was pleased to find the people waiting for me and for Mass, though it was rather late when I got there. But no sooner was Mass over than I learned of two children off in the mountains, very sick. I had to climb into the saddle again.

So the sick calls come, and so we missionaries go out for them, spending many hours in the saddle. It is no small consolation to be able to help folks prepare to meet their Maker.



The author with some of the Indian pupils of a school run by Maryknollers

Indian Leaders for Guatemala

The Archbishop
rolls up his sleeves

by Arthur F. Allie

ADREAM came one step nearer to realization recently, when a new school building for Indian boys was thrown open for the inspection of the public of Guatemala City. Little did the people know how much prayer, thought, and sacrifice this new school represented on the part of the Archbishop of Guate-

mala, His Excellency Mariano Rossell Arellano.

Faced with the enormous task of caring for more than two million souls, with only the aid of a native clergy that is proportionately the smallest of any country in Latin America, Archbishop Arellano has gone his way alone. By the sheer force of his will, by his magnetic and saintly personality, he has welded together from among the various elements of society a loyalty to him that has been his defense when political powers threatened to banish him from the country because of his fear-

less utterances in defense of the Church.

It was our good fortune to live with Archbishop Arellano, in his own house, when we came to Guatemala six years ago to open our mission. We marveled daily at his unruffled patience as delegation after delegation from one part

or another of his large archdiocese came to see him. No one was turned away; visitors always saw him in person, even if it meant that the prelate must miss a meal. Archbishop Arellano is not a well man, but never, in his treatment of the most humble or the most important of his flock, does he show signs of irritability or impatience. A much stronger man would find it difficult to match his daily schedule.

We were greatly impressed by the Archbishop's fairness when we were looking for a mission territory of our own. With his great need for priests, it would have been the most natural thing in the world for him to influence us to remain in his archdiocese. But for the best interests of our future work, we selected a region in the diocese of Los Altos, which is outside his jurisdiction. Archbishop Arellano was one of the first to help us secure the territory we desired, although he realized that the great opportunity of getting American priests was slipping out of his hands.

If the people of Guatemala were surprised to learn that he himself had established a new Institute for the Indian race, it was no surprise to us. For we knew the love he bears these

poor, downtrodden natives who make up the majority of his flock. How he financed the building of the school, only he himself knows fully. We know that he sold his car and his station wagon to pay some of the bills.

Three years ago he began this Institute work. At that time, he sent word to his priests to select two boys from each Indian village, as candidates for the new Indian school. The boys had to be under twelve; the only other requirements were aptitude for study, and the consent of their parents. In many cases, only by a personal visit to a village could the Archbishop secure students. The Indians mistrust white people, but of the Archbishop they had no fear; he is the most beloved man in the country.

The first group of Indian lads came, clad in the multicolored garb of their respective villages. A small group of Catholic women of the city arranged for the boys to bathe, dressed them in modern attire, trimmed their hair, and put them on a social level with the white boys, with whom they were to associate and study in the parish school. In the back patio of the archiepiscopal residence, the boys lived under the fatherly eye of the prelate; his loyal housekeeper, Nina Luz watched over these boys as a mother.

It was my good fortune to assist at the closing exercises of the school year and to note how the Indian boys had proved themselves. They had become leaders in their classes, and some had received the highest

If the maintenance of a student for the Maryknoll priesthood appeals to you, you may satisfy this holy desire by the offering of a monthly or annual donation toward his support which costs about \$500 a year.

awards for their studies. A most agreeable thing it was to see how heartily the Indians were accepted by the white boys; there was no race distinction. The Archbishop had the answer to his experiment, and the motive to determine him to expand this work until it should reach and influence every one of the more than two million Indians under his spiritual care.

It was with a great deal of interest that I called at the Institute to see for myself the latest "miracle" Archbishop Arellano had performed for his beloved Indians. Their new school is clean, in excellent taste, well-planned, and adequate for the present capacity of fifty boys. But this represents only a drop in the bucket to what the Archbishop has in mind. He plans to have, some day, an institution that will house one thousand Indian boys. The purpose of the Institute is to train Indian leaders and teachers for the Indian towns and villages. The teachers will be imbued with Christian ideals, to raise the Indians of Guatemala to the heights of morality, of science, and of culture.

Archbishop Arellano has planted the seed and watered the soil of a work that promises the solution of a sad problem in Guatemala—a problem resulting from the lack of clergy. As the Archbishop himself has said, the Institute should produce many vocations to the priesthood, as well as to the scientific professions. Always the driving force behind this project will be the words: "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to me" (*Matt. xxv: 40*).

PHOTO STORY

FACES OF THE DOOMED

"Don't laugh at me," pleaded Maria. "When I was twenty, I was the prettiest girl in our village." Maria the leper is Maria a sensitive human being, who, when she is pricked, feels pain as do you or I. South China is one of the classic leper areas of the globe. Maryknoll missionaries know thousands of lepers, not as mere diseased wretches but as unfortunate neighbors who suffer even more in their souls.

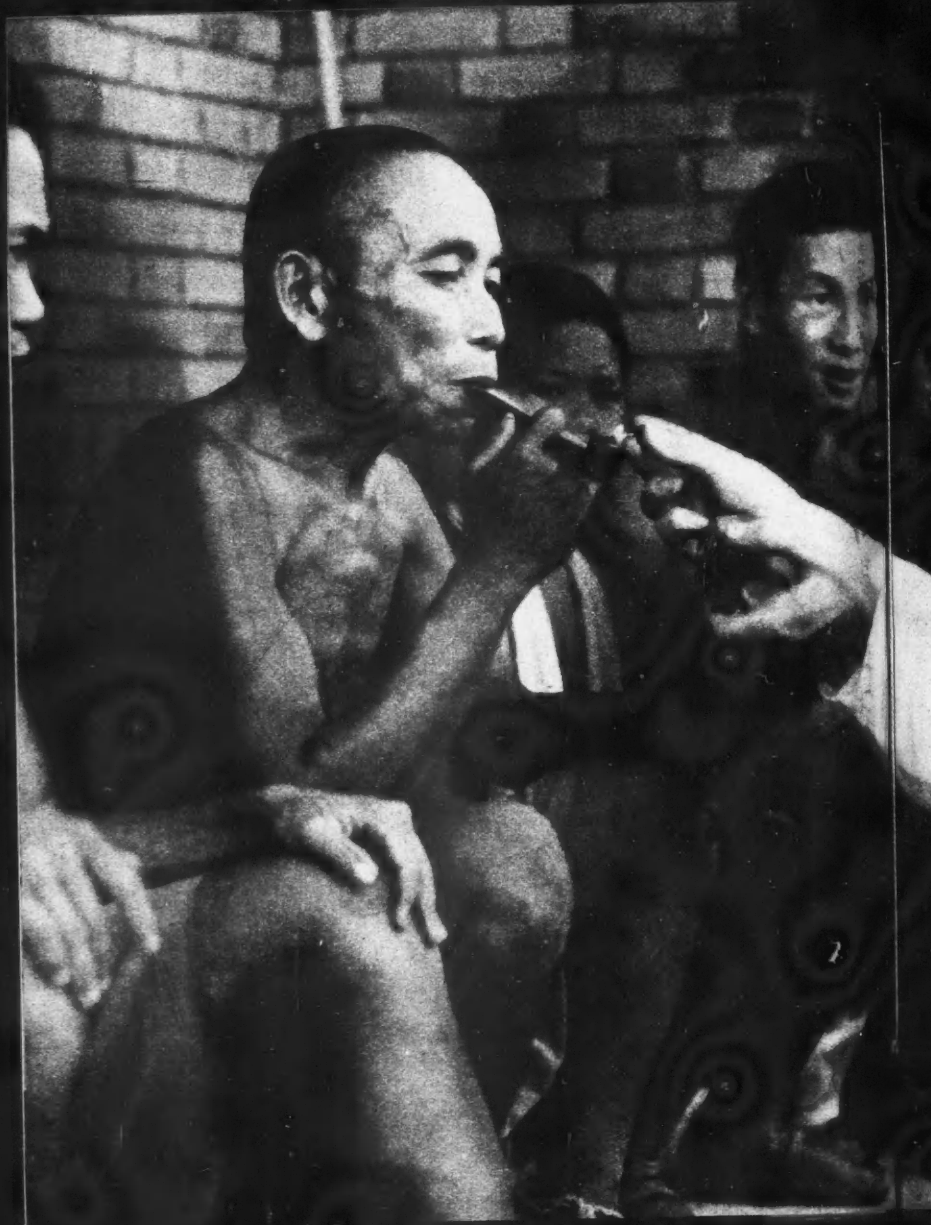


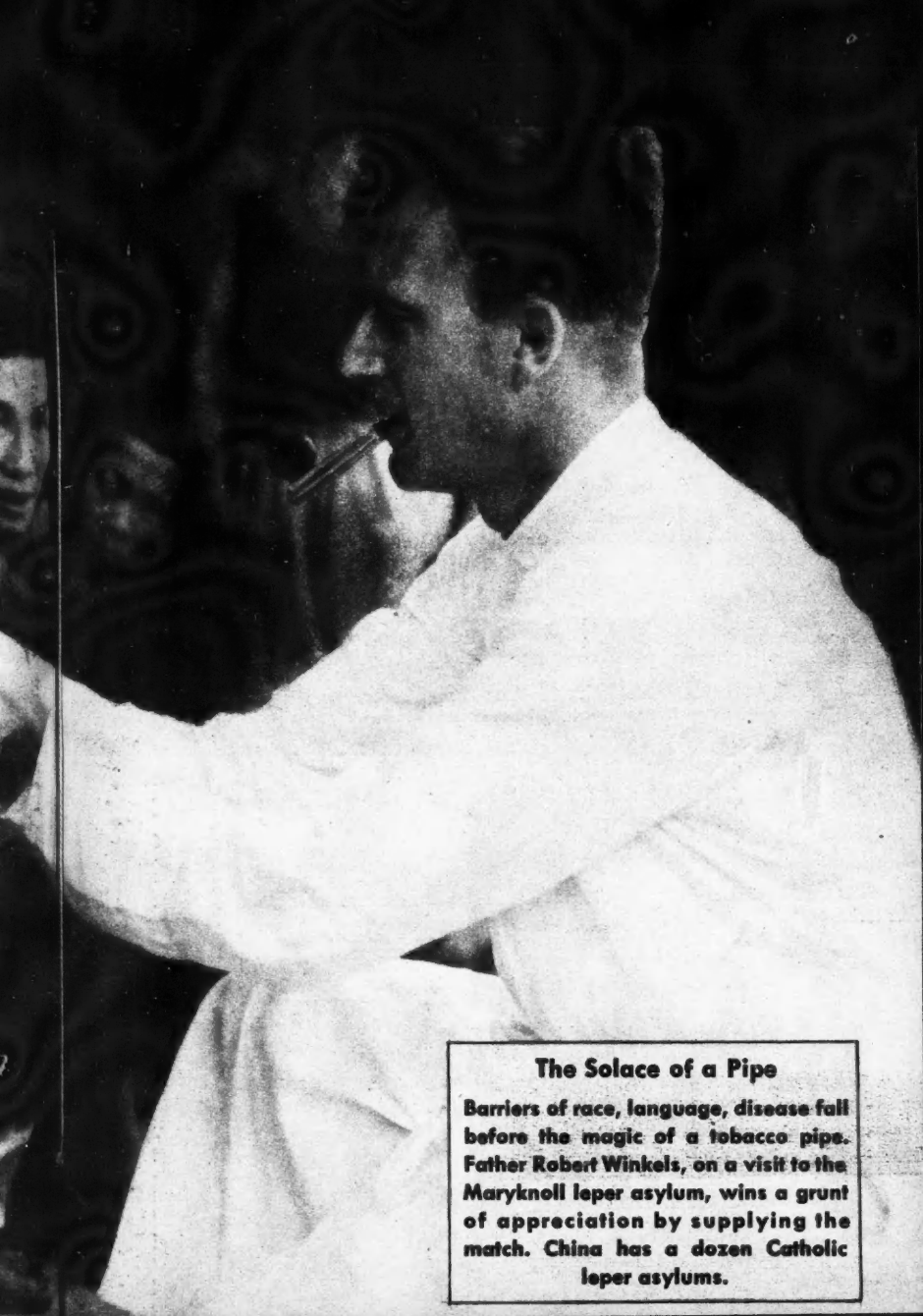


This woman dresses neatly, despite fetid foot sores and stumps for hands. Thousands of lepers live at home or as wandering beggars; few in asylums.



Leprosy is no respecter of age. It cannot be inherited, but the offspring of lepers fall easy prey to the disease if not taken from their parents.





The Solace of a Pipe

Barriers of race, language, disease fall before the magic of a tobacco pipe. Father Robert Winkels, on a visit to the Maryknoll leper asylum, wins a grunt of appreciation by supplying the match. China has a dozen Catholic leper asylums.



Modern medicine has re-named leprosy "Hanson Disease," but it is still the same dread master of the doomed in South China. Great progress has been made in effecting cures, particularly in early stages and among the young.



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no.





MARYKNOLL CHARITY FUND

"Don't put all your eggs in one basket,"
says an old proverb, but at Maryknoll we
find it expedient to ignore this advice.

When a person is sick, he needs help right away. We haven't time to send out an appeal for assistance; we give that help immediately. Lepers, the halt, the blind, the orphaned, the homeless, the sufferers of wasting diseases — all these are being cared for by the Maryknoll Charity Fund. Your donation to the Charity Fund will give you a share in the works of mercy — will make you the missionary's partner.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

The Maryknoll Roundup

New Baseball Find. A youngster who really knows what to do with a baseball has been discovered deep in the Bolivian jungle, by Father Bernard Garrity, a Maryknoll missionary from Chelsea, Mass. The "find" is eight-year-old Guillermo, who borrowed a baseball yesterday from



Father Garrity

Father Garrity to "warm up." Today he was back asking for another. "But what did you do with the ball I gave you?" the Maryknoller asked. "Here it is," said Guillermo. "Mom said it was too hard for me to kick, so she peeled off the skin, unraveled the wool, and knitted me this vest. Now my Mom wants another baseball because my sister is crying; she wants a warm-up, too."

Shoe on Other Foot. Amateur tricks are used by Father Lloyd I. Glass, a Maryknoller from Cresco, Iowa, to



Father Glass

win friends for the Church in Chuan-sien, China. One of the tricks Father Glass uses is to put matches in water, then take them out, strike them, and have them light. The solution is simple: he protects the matches from the water by a thin coating of wax. The other day Father Glass struck the matches time after

time but could not get them to ignite — much to the amusement of his audience. It wasn't until long after the show that it was discovered that one of the boys from the Catholic orphanage had taken the matches when the priest wasn't looking, and had dipped them in hot water.

They Talk; You Do. "The sharp contrast between communism and Christianity was amply demonstrated in Kyoto, Japan, the other day," writes Brother Clement Hansan, a Maryknoller from St. Marys, Kansas.



Brother Clement

"As Maryknoll Missioners and their St. Vincent de Paul helpers were distributing food and clothing to 1,200 poor families, a noisy parade of Communists marched past the mission, waving red flags and shouting slogans. One old woman summed it all up when she remarked to one of the priests, 'Those Communists talk and promise, but you do.'"

Adversity Useful. "It's a rare ill wind that blows no good," says Father Albert I. Koenigs knecht, a Maryknoller from Fowler, Michigan, now stationed in Puno, Peru. "Last night Puno was hit by the most severe hailstorm in the memory of its inhabitants. Crops were ripped

to shreds, and roofs were damaged. One good came out of the storm, however. Ice is quite scarce in Puno. After the storm, we sent the boys from the seminary to gather the hailstones in the patio. Enough ice was collected to make ice cream for two successive days!"

A Sizable Breakfast. "One of the monuments that Brother Wilfred left for us in Kowak, Africa, was a brick shed the size of a theater. The shed has a grass roof, which took four months to put on,"



Father Good

writes a Maryknoller from Cambridge, Mass., Father Albert E. Good. "One morning not long ago a herd of cows were nibbling at the roof where it slopes close to the ground. Before the cattle were chased away, they had finished a sizable breakfast, and had left gaping holes."

Hot Seat. "Warm days came to Tanchuk, South China, during October," writes Father John J. Mihelko, a

Maryknoller from Cleveland, Ohio. "Even the Chinese are not impervious to the heat. This morning the temperature went up to 94 degrees. In the catechist class, I noticed a student standing who had not been called on. Puzzled, I asked him what he wanted. He replied calmly: 'I didn't stand up to ask a question, Father. The seat of my chair is hot.' Then he went on fanning the seat of his chair."

Not Very Good. "I went to Todos Santos, here in Guatemala, for the *fiesta*. As it was my first experience in the place, I asked one of the old men what he thought of the *fiesta* this year. He replied: 'Not very good. No one was killed.' The church in Todos Santos is a large one and is in fair condition. It's a shame that a priest cannot be stationed in Todos Santos, for every time one visits there he has many baptisms, a few marriages, and plenty of confessions." So reports Father William J. Homrocky, a Maryknoll Missioner from Cleveland, Ohio.



Father Homrocky

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS?

IN THE PACIFIC

JAPAN — In the Prefecture of Kyoto.
KOREA — Temporarily in Seoul (Vicariate of Peng-Yang closed to Americans).
MANCHURIA — Diocese of Fushun.
SOUTH CHINA — Dioceses of Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow; Prefecture of Kweilin, also in Diocese of Hong Kong.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS — In Diocese of Honolulu.

IN LATIN AMERICA

BOLIVIA — Vicariate of Pando; also in La Paz, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz.
CHILE — In Dioceses of Talca, Chillan, Temuco, and parish in Santiago.

PERU — In Diocese of Puno; among Chinese in Lima.

ECUADOR — In Archdiocese of Guayaquil.

CENTRAL AMERICA — In the Huehuetenango region of Guatemala and in two other areas of the north.

IN AFRICA

TANGANYIKA — In Vicariate of Musoma-Moswa.

THREE-MINUTE Meditation

*"Behold I will send my angel,
who shall . . . bring thee into the
place that I have prepared"*

(Ex. xxiii:20)

YOU and I are missing precious help if we do not think of guardian angels as missionaries. Your imagination doesn't have to be elastic, to picture each and every one of them as being concerned because so many human beings don't know about the Saviour. You will recall from catechism class that each and every human being has an angel guardian. God told each angel guardian to take care of one human being on that person's way through life.

You may have read the book that told the story of an African boy's guardian angel. That heavenly spirit came all the way to America, to see the guardian angel of an American boy who needed a little push to send him on his way to be a missionary. The story had a happy ending when the American boy became a missionary and won to Christ the soul of the African lad.

We can't deny that there's more than a modicum of truth in the story. Good Catholics deem it a duty to help convert the world. The guardian angels know it's part of their chore, too. And happily the angels are much better at doing their duty than are we poor, weak creatures.

Conclusion: Perhaps your guardian angel needs your help to answer an SOS from an angel friend who has charge of a poor soul who knows not the One True God.

We Stand with

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to exaggerate the suffering and anxieties of the people of China both inside and outside the Church at this period. Eleven years of bitter and incessant strife have impoverished the country. The education of its youth is hampered and curtailed; all social progress is at a standstill; every normal human activity of whatever sort has been adversely affected. Refugees wander the roads and clog the streets in millions. The sound, age-old family traditions of the world's most family-loving people are imperiled.

These and other painful conditions have brought untold hardship to the whole population. Their present popular mood is one of disillusion, shading into desperation. No nation can stand such strains and pressures indefinitely. The people of China need help at this time; and they need it more urgently perhaps than at any other time in their history. Undoubtedly the sturdy, solid qualities of character with which Providence has blessed them will stand them in good stead throughout their time of trial and in their ultimate restoration. But their present plight is full of spiritual danger. They are at dubious crossroads, where their destiny for a long time to come is about to be determined.

THE CATHOLIC MISSIONER does not wish to be away from their side when these chapters of their history, so decisive for their immortal souls, are being written. He has ties, both human and divine, that bind him to his people, ties that cannot easily be severed. He knows the hard conditions that circumscribe their lives, and to some extent he has shared them. He knows

China in Need

their simple goodness. He has come to know their needs also — the weak tendencies and shortcomings they have in common with all human beings; but these needs only serve to increase his solicitude for his spiritual children. Above all, he has rejoiced in the bright promise of the mission work which has taken such firm root among them.

THE CHURCH IN CHINA has a glorious history, even though it is one interspersed with the usual lights and shadows, the many sacrifices and struggles that accompany all serious mission effort. God built the Church in China from small and painful beginnings; He brought life from death, success through many failures. Priests and people persevered against opposition of every sort; persecution decimated them again and again; and still the Church took hold and grew. God's work is not undone by persecution but is strengthened by it, and men of faith are strengthened with it. The mission Church of China is a good edifice and even a strong and beautiful one; it is the only hope of China.

PRESENT DAY MISSIONERS have inherited this Church, not built so much by themselves as erected by the sacrifices of those who went before them. Theirs is a great trust and a grave responsibility. Pray that the missionaries of this age may match their sacrifices with those of their great predecessors, so that the world's most important work may continue. The Church of God must stand like a strong sentinel of faith and love in these years of trial for the Chinese people.

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

This Month's Cover

FATHER Robert Waeldner snapped our cover photo this month on the outskirts of the city of Kyoto, Japan. The woman and child are members of a farming family who have been generous in aiding the relief work now carried on by the Kyoto Maryknollers. Not yet Catholic, this family is very interested in our Faith.





The "400"

Four hundred students will be trained each year for the foreign-mission priesthood at the new Maryknoll seminary, Glen Ellyn, Illinois. Classes are to begin this fall. The building is empty of furniture. Will you help us to provide some of the following items?

I. For the Students:

400 beds, each	\$10	400 crucifixes, each	\$ 2
400 mattresses, each	\$10	400 desks, each	\$15
800 blankets, each	\$ 3	800 chairs, each	\$ 4
400 window shades, each	\$ 2	400 clothes lockers, each	\$ 3
400 window curtains, each	\$ 2	400 table sets, each	\$ 3
400 pillows, each	\$ 1.50	400 holy-water fonts, each	\$.25

II. For their Chapel:

Mass candles, for one year	\$50	5 sets vestments, each	\$ 25
Altar missal	\$35	5 albs, each	\$ 15
Mass wine and hosts	\$25	Sacristy supplies	\$100
Sancutary-lamp candles, year	\$25	Statues, each	\$150

To provide for a missionary in training, send your offering to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS • MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

WHY Carrillo Puerto, a little village in the middle of the rocky, jungle-bound territory of Quintana Roo, should exist at all, is difficult to determine except on the historical grounds that years ago there had to be a point of rest on the overland route between the coastal extremities of the Yucatan peninsula.

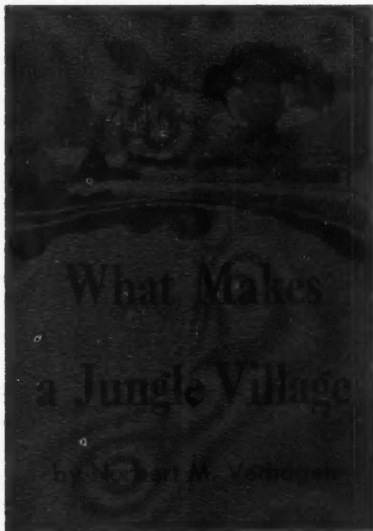
Historians say that Carrillo Puerto was once a flourishing little settlement, the focusing point of a mighty Indian rebellion that swept the Spanish colonists out of the whole south region. When the inevitable defeat of the Indians took place, no one and no thing of great importance remained. Thus Carrillo Puerto lost even its historical reason for respectable existence.

Yet, like many a mere place, its life lingered on. Eventually a narrow-gauge railway connected the village with the coast. That was in the days when gum manufacturers found that the sap of the chicle tree could be profitably extracted in the Carrillo Puerto region. But work on the chicle harvest is a seasonal affair. People who wish to live here the year round know that a corn crop must be wrested, no matter what the cost, from the poor, rocky soil.

Spiritually, Carrillo Puerto isn't much. The Catholic Faith in the village is a moribund affair. The good and holy bishop, with the few priests at his disposal could not reach out strongly into this forsaken region. Then five years ago, two Maryknoll Padres arrived. The huge, old church was restored from its ruins, to serve once again the living God, and to be a symbol for the right of the ancient

Church to exist legally, and to be respected among these people. At the moment it is safe to say that the tide has more than just turned in favor of that Faith and culture which are the grandest boast of Mexico.

The altar boys, whom Father Lee has trained, and the rest of the children of Father Lee's Saturday catechism class, are our best messengers of good will around town. Several older boys show a very militant spirit in defending things Catholic. One of them has the non-Hispanic name, "Nelson." This lad is poor in material possessions, but he strives to build up the Faith both in his own life and in the lives of the people who live in Carrillo Puerto. He treasures the Faith as a millionaire does his oil holdings.





The Maryknollers who keep things humming in Chuanhsien are from left to right: Fathers Quirk, Jacques, Glass (the pastor), E. McCabe and F. Murphy.

The Gang's All Here

by Lloyd I. Glass

ONE RELIEF PROJECT here in Chuanhsien (South China) is our Boystown. We started it in April of 1947, for boys from 10 to 14 years, whose parents were killed during the war. It is still going strong; we are now caring for 110 boys.

The idea for Boystown was Father Edwin McCabe's, and he and Father Wenceslaus Knotek did most of the spade work.

You should have seen these boys when we started! Nobody wanted them—they were starved, and kicked around. They were sick with malaria, dysentery, running sores, and ring-worms. They lived by begging—if one can call that living, in a hard-

hearted pagan town. Their eyes were dull with bewilderment. They slept in the open; their clothes were discarded gunny sacks.

The government gave us a large, abandoned temple and enough property to provide for a playground and a garden. The boys do all the work, including cooking and gardening. We provide them with free schooling through the eighth grade.

Boystown really fulfills a need in our part of Kwangsi. When the boys finish the eighth grade, we arrange for them to enter industrial schools to learn trades. Three years of training in a trade are provided for our graduates, at no cost to them. When they

leave us, they are equipped for life. The only alternative to Boystown is to doom these orphan boys to banditry. If we did not care for them, they would wander the streets as beggars, but a beggar does not have much of a future in China.

Boystown is just one part of the Chuanhsien mission, which is about the size of Rhode Island with only 1,000 Catholics, but as it is comparatively new, that number means a good start. At present we have over 300 under instruction. In addition, dispensary work, sick calls, mission trips to the scattered outposts, all take time — and lots of it.

Keeping the proverbial wolf away from Boystown hasn't been easy, but somehow we have managed so far. Various relief organizations, especially Catholic Welfare, have supplied the boys with blankets, mosquito

nets, and clothing. But American Advisory Committee funds for the purchase of cooking oil, salt, firewood, and vegetables are no longer available. Even pagan Chinese help now and then with contributions. Former members of the Flying Tigers, now flying for General Chennault, remember us at Boystown: these men like to play poker between flights, and some send us a share of their winnings. Many an ex-G.I. who served in the Kweilin area during the war has been very generous in sending funds to help our orphan boys.

Recent contributions from friends in the States make it possible for us to continue the work on a day-to-day basis. I would rather commit *harakiri*, or go out personally and beg with a bowl and chopsticks, than agree to close Boystown and throw these Chinese boys back on the streets.

Father Edwin McCabe, founder, points the way to the real Boystown, heaven.





FOR THE SOUL BEHINDH

MISSION SUNDAY

OCTOBER 23

SUPPORT YOUR
SOCIETY FOR THE
PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH

IN THE RAGS OF THE WORLD

CHARMING CHRISTMAS CARDS

New 1949 designs. Three subjects. Original art painted by James Flux in full color. Each card has a truly Catholic message — Christmas and missionary. Quality cards with envelopes.

18 for \$1.00
100 for 4.00
1,000 for 37.00

We will imprint your name on orders of not less than 100 cards. Write your name clearly, exactly as you want it reproduced.

100 to 200 cards, \$2.00 for imprint
201 to 500 cards, 3.00 for imprint
501 to 1,000 cards, 5.00 for imprint
Additional thousands. \$3 per M

JUST PUBLISHED

Two New Juveniles in Color

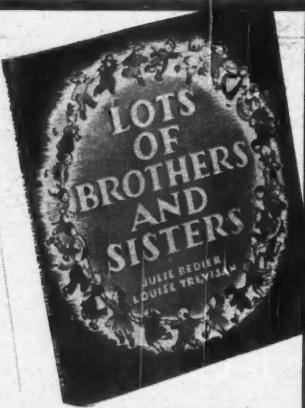
LOTS OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS

—Carl and Olga discover they have lots of brothers and sisters. A delightful new storybook, written by Julie Bedier, for 6 to 8 year olds. Illustrated in color by Louise Trevisan. *Macmillan.* \$2.00

MY BOOK ABOUT GOD — An all-year-round favorite. 4 to 6 yrs. *Macmillan.* \$2.00

JESUS HELPS EVERYBODY —

Bright, reverent, engaging pictures by Jack Jewell; sparkling text by Julie Bedier. Just published. Second in a series covering the life of Christ, for children 8 to 11. *Garden City.* \$1.00



JESUS COMES FOR EVERYBODY — This beautifully illustrated book for children 8 to 11 tells more than the Christmas story. *Garden City.* \$1.00

NOTE CARDS

Full-color, decorated folders. 10 cards and 10 envelopes, 40c; 30 cards and 30 envelopes, \$1.00

- No. 201 Assorted designs
- No. 208 I Am the Light
- No. 209 Thy Sons
- No. 210 All Peoples

LETTER PAPER

Printed in color. 12 sheets and 10 envelopes, 35c; 24 sheets and 24 envelopes boxed, 60c

- No. 256 All Peoples
- No. 250 Three Singers
- No. 255 Chinese Proverbs

THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Please send the items checked and/or _____ Christmas cards. Imprint my name as follows: _____ \$ _____ enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LIMA TAXI

by Bernard F. Ryan



THE MISSIONER'S MULE and canoe are often his life line, but since Latin America has beautiful capitals as well as jungle towns, the missionary occasionally uses such a modern gadget as a taxicab. Yesterday I rode with my friend, Don Vincente, who had saved his earnings through the years, so that on his fiftieth birthday he was able to make the last payment on a 1942 automobile.

On this particular ride, Vincente did not talk of the high cost of living, the difficulties of getting tires, or the low taxi rates; he didn't even mention politics. He spent the whole time telling me that his son Pepe was starting in a Catholic school.

The other sons had not gone to school, for Vincente and his wife, Rosa, were very poor. The family had worked to keep rice and a few scraps of meat on the table, and together they had been able to build an adobe home.

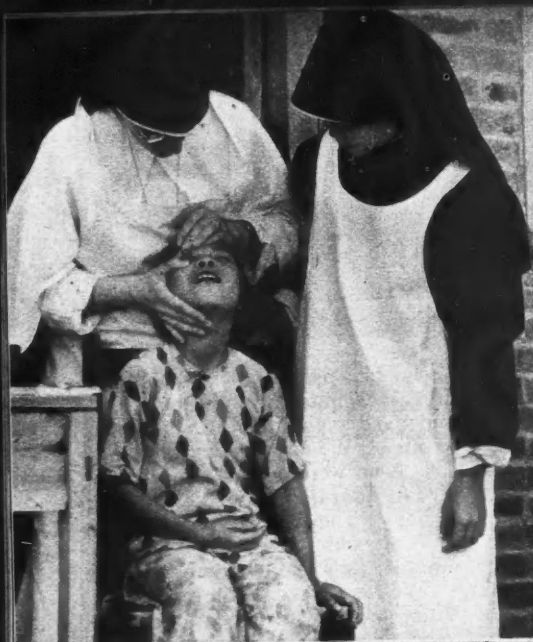
Now they all have only one desire: to educate seven-year-old Pepe. Little does the scrawny, hungry-looking youngster realize that, with his pencil and notebook, he is supposed to win the respect of the world for his family and ancestors, who never had a chance themselves.

Our taxi passed other school children. How many people had scraped and saved to give them a chance to go to school! We passed other boys and girls, who were going to market or picking up trash that might be usable at home. They did not have pencils or notebooks; they seemed to outnumber the school children.

"We were lucky, Padre," broke in Vincente on my thoughts. "We registered Pepe the week when he was born. There are not enough schools here for all the children, so it is 'first come, first served.' Maybe some day we will have enough Brothers and Sisters to teach our children."

With that, Vincente swung his cab behind a stalled car, and pushed it for a short way until the motor started. "Yes sir, Padre," he said, "a lot of drivers with a car as good as mine would not give another a push. But I always tell them that, if a fellow with a good car does not help another with a push, God will take his good car away from him."

By then I was getting out of the cab, at my destination. Vincente continued, "About that education, Padre — what I meant to say is that we are counting on you missionaries for a push."



A native Sister receives careful training in dispensary work under the watchful eyes of a Maryknoll Sister. Her training finished, the native Sister will do wonders in making converts among South China's womenfolk. Left: Pupils of the Hong Kong Maryknoll School bring the Chinese equivalent of an apple for their teacher.

AFIELD *with the* MARYKNOLL SISTERS

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

Hong Kong Odyssey

HONG KONG has been, since 1921, the Maryknoll Sisters' center in South China. There, before the war, the Sisters developed two flourishing schools for girls, and also an industrial department. One school was on the mainland and became known as Maryknoll Convent School. The other was on the densely populated hillside of Victoria, on the island of Hong Kong, and was called Holy Spirit School.

When Hong Kong fell and the Sisters were interned, both schools were closed. The former was hit by a bomb and later was looted; the latter, an old, ant-eaten structure, was seized upon as living quarters by homeless Chinese and was completely filled. Luckily, the Sisters' house and school furnishings found shelter "for the duration" with the Spanish Dominican Fathers, whose property was near by.

When the war ended and the Sisters returned to the Center house, plans for reopening both schools were made. Maryknoll Convent School

had to be re-equipped completely, but at least the building was there. The school on the island — now called Maryknoll School, Hong Kong — could not move into its old quarters, because three families renting the building would not vacate it.

After many long months of persevering negotiations, one family decided to move out in May, and the Sisters decided to use the limited quarters for registration of pupils who might wish to enter the school in September. Over seven hundred girls and even a few boys applied for admission. Seeing this avalanche of applicants, the other tenants decided to vacate.

On August 10, three Sisters went to work. They hired four men to help them clean house, and together the group worked for five days. Then the Sisters took up residence in two classrooms. Beds and mosquito nets were quickly set up; the scrubbed shelves of cupboards were generously sprinkled with insect powder; food was stored in a dependable cupboard,

set in tins of water to defy the ants.

On August 19, workmen began to replaster ceilings on the second floor. Stifling dust permeated the house; coolie women, carrying the debris away in bamboo baskets, left tracks everywhere. Carpenters, knee-deep in shavings on the veranda, mended and made shutters. Plumbers hacked away at rotten drains and dug down to hidden pipes in the yard, to find the cause of the basement flood. The retaining wall on Caine Road let so much water seep through that a public-nuisance notice was tendered the Sisters!

Meanwhile, the blackboards, encrusted with five years' dust, were carted over from the Dominican Priory and set down in the several classrooms. A drastic attack with dry, stiff brushes, and a subsequent scrubbing, made the boards usable again.

In the kitchen, the cook tussled with pots and pans that had withstood the devastating rust. Squatting on the floor, deluged by rain that pelted through the paneless window, she scoured aluminum and enamel ware. Malea, the laundress, struggled close by with the unusually soiled apparel of the cleaners.

Neither washboard nor clothespins lightened her task. The Sisters live on the third floor, and the attic above must serve as drying quarters. So up the ladder went the wet clothes. Malea was equal to the climb, but she met a problem when the carpenters took their ladder away and she looked down into space.

Then at the height of endeavors, the typhoon signal boomed across the island. Fortunately the storm did not strike Hong Kong.

On September 8, after seven years of "closed doors," school reopened. There was a capacity enrollment of 160, out of 700 applicants. Three days later, the chapel was roofed, and loving preparations for welcoming once again the Lord of Heaven into His tabernacle made the Sisters feel that truly they were home again.

On Our Lady's name day, Mass brought the King of kings to the Maryknoll School in Hong Kong. It was the occasion, too, for the first call for Baptism, from among the student body. A pupil's mother was dying, and the Sisters opened the gate of heaven to her eager soul. After a long, fallow war period, the harvesting had begun.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS

MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Dear Sisters,

I should like to help your work of spreading the Faith in foreign lands. My offering \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

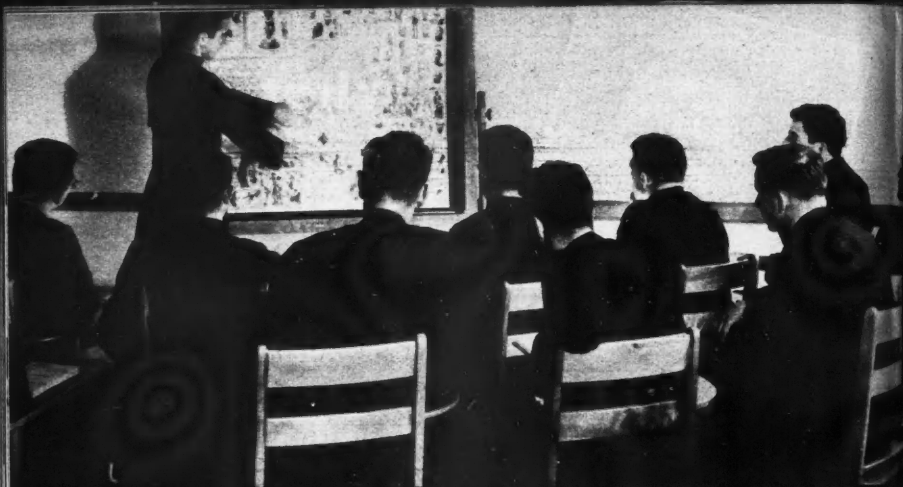
I will offer _____ days of my ordinary work and prayer for the Maryknoll Sisters each month.

I will send \$_____ a month, to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister, as long as I can. Of course, I understand I may stop this help whenever I find myself unable to continue.



What Does a Maryknoller Study?





School emphasis is given to teaching the child that there is no answer which must be learned by rote. It is done in other ways.



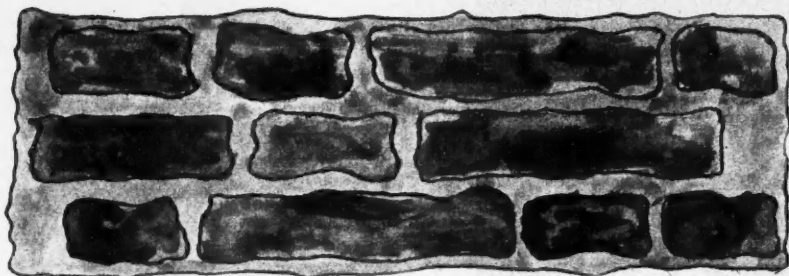
Father Charles Coffey, left, and John A. Hall, right, of the University of Notre Dame, are shown in the library of the university.





The library at Maryknoll's major Seminary (above) contains some 25,000 volumes. A priest specially trained in library science, is in charge of this storehouse of knowledge. *Right:* Hobbies, such as organ playing, are encouraged. But most time goes into those basic subjects that candidates to the priesthood over the world study—philosophy, dogmatic and moral theology, canon law and Church history.





Own a Brick in Our Seminary Wall

These are the bricks for the wall of our new seminary at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago.

We are disposing of them to our friends.

Mark your initials on those you take. Your purchase will ease our seminary debt.

These bricks form the walls of the seminary that will train, continuously, 400 young Americans to be foreign-mission priests.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

To help an American boy become a Maryknoll priest — I enclose \$_____ for bricks in your seminary wall.

I enclose \$_____ for your Brick-a-Month Club. Please send me a monthly reminder.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Maryknoll Want Ads.

Blood Donor. Father Boesflug has been bitten by most of the mosquitoes in Japan. He asks \$10 for a net, to keep them away and save the remainder of his blood. And he'd be grateful for it soon. Please!

Pressure Cooker — jars, and rings are needed by Father Connors, in Guatemala. A complete canning outfit costs about \$45. Father says, "I don't know much about canning, but hunger is a great spur!" May we suggest adding \$5 to buy a cookbook?

Thousands of rosaries, medals, and holy pictures are requested by our missionaries for their people in China, Korea, Japan, Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, and Tanganyika. Do you wish to send an offering of \$1, to help purchase some?

Father Good can build a rectory for \$5,000, at his African mission post. He also needs \$1,000 for a small, outlying chapel.

35c a Day will keep a South American boy at an outdoor camp, feed him, and help to give him the right start in life. We recommend this as a good investment.

For \$100, Father M. Murphy, can complete a chapel in the market place of his Chinese mission. For another chapel, he needs \$30 for altar cloths. And he would like to have \$300 for a two-room school.

Widow's Gift. A poor widow gave a half acre of land to Father Vincent Cowan, in Chile, and he has had a chapel erected. But the building is empty: it has no altar, no pews, no fittings. About \$1,000 would equip this chapel. Will you share with the devout widow the pleasure of completing her gift?

Feel Like Throwing Bricks at Someone? For \$6, you can toss a thousand bricks at Father Collins, in Tanganyika, Africa. Those he doesn't drop — and he used to be a pretty good shortstop — will serve for the convent that must be built.

If Your Name is Veronica, maybe you would like to offer a veil to Our Lord. Tabernacle veils cost \$10, and Father Brown in Chile needs one.

Child of China. Orphaned, homeless, driven by hunger to a Maryknoll shelter: raw material from which, with your aid, we can fashion a friend and a Christian. \$5 feeds a child for a whole month!

Danger! A hunting knife and a first-aid outfit — when a man needs such items he needs them badly, quickly! Father Rhodes, who works in a rugged area of China, asks \$27 to buy these aids.

A Secret Terror in many hearts is the fear of being old and without means. That sad state has come upon many thousands of Chinese. Help Maryknoll help them. \$5 cares for one aged Chinese for a month.





MISSIONER'S REQUESTS

FATHER TENNIEN, China, a convent	\$2,500
FATHER CARROLL, Chile, a chapel	1,000
BISHOP PASCHANG, China, toward a hospital	1,000
FATHER SPRINKLE, China, a chapel	1,000
FATHER BRADY, Chile, a school	1,000
FATHER COLLINS, Africa, convent furnishings	800
FATHER GOOD, Africa, a school	500
FATHER LANGLEY, China, altar and furnishings	250
FATHER BROWN, Chile, altar and tabernacle	160
FATHER REGAN, China, Mass kit	150
FATHER WOLOTT, China, monstrance	100
FATHER BRADLEY, Chile, sanctuary lamp and stations	100
FATHER PLUNKETT, Chile, baptismal font	50
FATHER WALSH, Bolivia, sanctuary lamp	25
Maryknoll Missions Charity Fund — any gift	\$ —

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.



**400,000,000 Chinese exist by the
daily husbanding of fragments**

